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MRS. ABBIE A. NEWMAN

## **MRS. ABBIE FAY NEWMAN.**

### **MEMORIAL.**

At the Presbyterian Church in the City of Delavan on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 28, occurred a joint meeting of the Historical Society of Tazewell County and the Woman's Club of Delavan, for the purpose of memorializing a former resident and teacher of Delavan, Mrs. Abbie F. Newman. There was present a large audience consisting of her former neighbors, co-church workers and pupils. The opening remarks were made by W. R. Curran, President of the Historical Society of Tazewell County.

The musical numbers were arranged under the direction of the Delavan Woman's Club and consisted of music that Mrs. Newman was partial to in her lifetime.

The music was furnished by a quartette, Mrs. Lauren B. Jenkins, Mrs. C. K. Million, Mr. Charles Duncan and Mr. Leo Stumbaugh; the Abbie Newman Mission Circle. Mrs. Newman's favorite scripture was read from memory by Rev. Hugh S. Jackson. Prayer was made by Rev. J. Rodger Silars. The Benediction was pronounced by Rev. Louis P. Jansen.

The remarks of the President and various papers of the program were substantially as follows:

Taking up now the consideration of the purpose of our meeting and the program to be presented, Judge Curran said: "This golden autumn afternoon in the presence of this audience, in this place, on this ninetieth anniversary day of our friend's birth, is a fitting occasion and propitious for our purpose among neighbors, friends and former pupils of the departed to pay a gracious tribute to her memory. What I have to say by way of introduction to this program, cluster about two words, "History" and "Teacher!" When we consult our own innermost consciousness and the pages of literature, we know that:

"In a certain sense all men are historians."

"History is the essence of innumerable Biographies."

“History, as it lies at the root of all science, is also the first distinct product of man’s spiritual nature; his earliest expression of what can be called Thought.”

“Truth comes to us from the past, as gold is washed down from the mountains of Sierra Nevada, in minute but precious particles, and intermixed with infinite alloy, the debris of centuries.”

“History makes haste to record great deeds, but often neglects good ones.”

I came to this community in June 1876. I commenced to learn portions of its history within an hour after my arrival. I came a callow youth, licensed to practice my profession as a lawyer, looking for a place to locate. I had been here but a few days when I commenced to become conscious of the influence of Mrs. Abbie Newman. I had been a teacher in a Country School for three years. Since my teaching days, I had always been conscious of the fact that if life turned out to be a failure in my profession and I was driven to it, I could always find employment in the district I had left. Among my most intimate friends and associates, all of my life have been teachers. In my school days, my teachers were the ones who most profoundly impressed my ideals and formed them.

My wife, the mother of my children, was a teacher. My most intimate life long associates have been teachers. I am impressed with the fact that the leading men and minds of this nation, at the present time, have been teachers. The President of the United States was a teacher. The criticisms of his administration have been that he had the limitations of a teacher. I am led to say what in my heart I believe, God Bless his limitations. I do not expect to become popular or to be canonized on account of this opinion; when I consider the recent discussion at the ballot box, I know it is unpopular; but our President can wait, I have an abiding faith that a grateful America will yet enshrine his memory among her great Presidents.

James H. Cartwright, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, of Illinois, as well as the majority of the members of the court who sit with him, were in their youth, teachers.

I am moved to use on this occasion, the language that I have used before concerning the common schools and the teachers thereof.

The growth of the common school ideal has kept pace with the growth of the nation since the Revolution; its greatest development has been in the last fifty years; as new territory has opened up to settlement, as wealth and material prosperity has developed, the like of which the world never saw before; the teacher has gone into every corner of our dominion and has followed the flag to alien peoples and the Islands of the Sea; until the common school is a fortress to American institutions, more efficient and far reaching in influence than battleships, fortified coast lines, or standing armies. While the teachers in the little school house in the country district and in the more pretentious high schools are faithful to their trust, this government of ours will still live and the tri-color float in the sky.

We honor ourselves when we honor the teachers of America; we honor ourselves when we memorialize teachers like Mrs. Newman. A bare glance at this program reveals the fact that she was not an idle or trivial person. I venture the statement which may not be concurred in by all, that this teacher measured by the scope, power and effect of her personal influence in this community for the last fifty years, outweighs all the professional men, all the business men and all the leaders of this community. She did not occupy so much space in the public mind as some of them, but at this Newman Memorial, I am quite certain that she occupies more space in the public heart than all of them put together."—W. R. Curran.

MRS. NEWMAN, TEACHER.

A woman of refined literary tastes, a talented musician, a zealous patriot, a good citizen, a great teacher and an earnest church worker, this can truthfully be said of Mrs. Abbie A. Fay Newman.

The name Fay is of English origin. It claims distinction in science, art and war. When duty called or patriotism demanded, the Fays responded. We find one, a warrior under Charlemagne, and one a general under Napoleon, still another,

a general with Lafayette and his companion in prison and so on down to the times of our own Revolutionary War. Especial tribute is paid to Capt. Stephen Fay and his patriot sons. The name is mentioned in the Indian Wars, in the War of 1812 and in the Civil War. The names of 150 soldiers are enrolled in the War Department. Mrs. Newman, too, was a patriot.

That the religious element, which was strong in her, has always predominated in the family is shown by the large number of ministers, and by the hundreds, who have been faithful church members. The family claims musicians, writers, college graduates and teachers. One of the teachers was Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin.

Abbie A. Newman was born at Westboro, Mass., Nov. 28, 1830. She was the third of eleven children. One brother and one sister are still living. When young she had but a limited chance for an education. Eight weeks in winter and not more than six in summer. Later she was educated in the schools of Westboro and in the Academies of Leicester and Amherst. She taught in the public schools of Westboro and Amherst and in the Misses Kellog's Female Seminary at Great Barrington, Mass.

On April 7th, 1850, she was married to Mr. Burt Newman. To them were born five children, namely: Henry D. deceased in 1884, Annie S. (of Chicago), Samuel C. (of Brooklyn), Emma, (Mrs. Elmer Giles of Delavan, Ill.,) and Fred, deceased in 1920.

After her marriage, she and her husband went to Shakap-pee, Minn. She had many experiences with the Sioux Indians. The tribe at that time often came into the town. One day the big chief came into her home and flourished a tomahawk over her baby's head. She had enough tact and presence of mind to get the chief out of the house and thus save the little one.

In 1857 the family went to Lower Alton, Ill., to reside. Mrs. Newman taught in the Alton primary and high schools.

In 1862, the family came to Delavan. Mrs. Newman taught in the Delavan schools until her husband enlisted in the Civil War, then she returned to the East and remained a short time. Upon her return, she taught in schools in this

community and in the primary department of the Delavan public schools for a third of a century.

Hundreds of men and women in this vicinity are proud to say that Mrs. Newman was their teacher, but how much prouder must those of her children and of her grandchildren be who can say, "Mother or grandmother was our teacher."

In 1880, Mr. and Mrs. Newman celebrated their silver anniversary and on April 7th, 1905 all their friends were invited to their home for their golden anniversary.

If Mrs. Newman were living today, she would be ninety years old. Those of us, who were associated with her, know she was a great teacher. Her brother Frank, who is now eighty years old, in a letter written to Mrs. Giles a short time ago, says: "At the time I wanted to get into the High school, father bought a black board, put it up in the shoe maker's shop and Abbie tutored us—brother Parker and me. We boys had to make all but the uppers of two pairs of boots each day, earning \$40 a month that way, while we went to school. She helped us out. Before, we learned the rules of grammar during school but did not put it into practice she would say, 'A noun is the name of some thing. Read this page. See how many you can find or, a proper noun is a particular name like John or James and in that way all the parts of speech. It was then not the dry meaningless study.' We soon took to it and so with all our studies. I soon went to be examined for High School.

The committee said, "No, you come from No. 2 school district, no use." I said, "Give me a trial, will you?" They did and we both passed easily. In High school we were soon rattling off Latin with the rest."

This letter shows that even at an early age, she possessed the unusual qualifications of a teacher; that by example, illustration and the study of nature, she made things seem natural. She was a teacher ahead of her times. She was a teacher, not only by nature, but also, by choice. She loved her fellow teachers and pupils and they loved her. She never wasted time.

She was the means of leading many a young person to spend his spare time in study. It was a pleasure and a profit

to know Mrs. Newman and the influence of her life can be expressed in no better words than in those of Owen Meredith:

“No life

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.”

Rosa A. Tamm,  
Delavan, Ill.

#### MRS. NEWMAN'S MUSICAL ACTIVITIES.

This gifted, energetic enthusiastic woman belonged to a musical family and she always loved to sing. I heard one of her sisters play the pipe organ beautifully and one of her brothers had a fine voice. Mrs. Newman had a musical soprano voice that carried well and she pronounced her words very distinctly, of course she was a leader always.

Mrs. Theodore Thomas, wife of the distinguished Chicago Orchestra leader, belonged to a branch of the Fay family.

Mrs. Newman took music lessons of a distinguished Professor in Great Barrington, Mass.

Her father gave her a Chickering piano which she brought west with her.

After her marriage to Mr. Newman they moved to Minnesota, where there were very few whites, but many Indians. One day they surrounded the house and looked in the windows. Mrs. Newman although much frightened flew to the piano and played with all her might for said she “I thought if music hath charms to soothe the savage breast” I would try the charm.

All the time they lived in Alton she was a member of a quartette choir.

After moving to Delavan she conducted singing schools in Delavan, Green Valley, Boynton, Cream Ridge and Holmes school houses. She frequently walked to the school houses and when she lived in the country she walked to town to meet her appointments.

She rode horseback to Green Valley carrying a young baby and leaving it with a friend while teaching the class in singing and giving private lessons on the piano.



The first singing school that I know of her conducting in Delavan was in the winter of '62 and '63 during the Civil War. I have found three that remember attending that school; Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Gertrude Wilson and Mr. James Jones. It was held in a hall over the dining room in the old Upham Hotel that stood on the grounds later occupied by the fair association and where soon the Community High School will be built.

There were no walks, it was a rainy muddy winter and no one could walk there without having wet feet.

She taught us to sing by note using the Italian syllables, she used the black board and we learned to read music up to 4 flats and 4 sharps.

There was always a concert at the end of every term of lessons which was very thrilling and delightful to one young person at least.

During the Civil war before Mr. Newman enlisted in the army and before she went back east she was very busy with entertainments to raise money for the soldiers. And for one of them she wrote a very patriotic poem composed some music for it and her wee little daughter sung it, her voice and the words reaching every part of the hall. Part of the words are as follows:

“Hurrah for the Union  
Columbia looks sad  
She weeps for her children  
In factions gone mad  
She trembles at sickness  
But never looks blue  
Her good constitution  
Will carry her through.”

She gave the Oratorio of Esther in Delavan and once it was given in costume and she was Queen Esther.

I think every girl of my age and the older set took piano lessons of her in those early years. Sometimes duties conflicted and she had to do two things at once. Occasionally the baby had to be held and loved during the lesson. One time when I was taking a lesson he brought his little foot down with a bang on the keys, the foot was hastily removed and the lesson went on without interruption.

She used to walk out to Mr. McCollister's, Mr. Walter Shurtz farm now, and give three lessons, 2 in the afternoon to the girls and one in the evening to one of the boys, then some one of the family took her home in the buggy.

She was organist of the Presbyterian church for 17 years, played the organ in the Baptist church one year, and the organ in the Methodist church for 6 years. She would take the baby and I remember one time the baby got tired, laid down beside the organ and went to sleep. At another time during a concert a small child went to sleep and was laid under the piano for safe keeping. They were such convenient babies.

Of course she taught music in the Public school and in the Sunday school; she got up so many nice entertainments for the School getting her material together from wherever she could. One time she wanted to use the 4th verse of the 27th Psalm she composed some very pretty music for it and had Frank Hatten, then a little boy, sing it. The words are "One thing have I desired of the Lord that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in his temple."

Her mind worked like a flash and she was always equal to emergencies. As for instance if an awkward pause occurred in a religious meeting when no one was ready to take part she would strike up some well known hymn and have every one singing.

One time the lights went out during the service but she commenced playing and singing and thus filled up the pause.

She was the organist in the prayer meeting up to the time of her last illness.

She always said she would rather wear out than rust and she had her wish. Mrs. Birdie Haddon.

#### HER WORK AS A PATRIOT.

Among the many who meet today in memory of Mrs. Newman I am asked to record some facts of her Patriotism, which by some may be considered simple; yet to me, were the most potent qualifications of her character, and were the strong factors in her most useful life.

Patriotism does not consist wholly in honoring the flag of our country as much as we cherish its sacred colors; but obedience to all things that build and perpetuate our nation.

Loyalty begins in the cradle and ends not at the grave; for true Patriotism builds character for immortality.

It was my fortune and pleasure to be an intimate friend of Mrs. Newman for a quarter of a century, our acquaintance began when we were asked to sing "The Star Spangled Banner," at a concert given at the close of a musical convention held in the Methodist church by P. P. Bliss and his wife, who were my guests, in the year 1869.

Now after fifty years it seems strange that I am asked to write of her Patriotism especially as our acquaintance began under the American Flag.

When my children were old enough to go to school Mrs. Newman was their first teacher and from childhood they never ceased to love her and in the devotion of my own children to Mrs. Newman I feel confident that I am voicing the sentiment of every child who commenced its education under her kind and motherly care.

I am reminded of the lessons of Patriotism which she exemplified as she led the school children; a child on either side; with a quick and firm step she marched on Decoration Day in the procession to the Park, there to honor the memory of the Boys in Blue with a loving tribute of flowers, and leading in the Patriotic songs which she had taught the children to sing.

Mrs. Newman was indeed qualified to participate in the observance of the Day having contributed her part in service and sacrifice to the cause of the Union.

When Mr. Newman enlisted in the service in Sept. 1864 Mrs. Newman with their three children went to her father's home in Massachusetts, and stayed until Mr. Newman was mustered out in 1865.

On the two evenings of Aug. 25 and 26, 1864, Mrs. Newman gave a concert of Patriotic songs in the Baptist church, with 100 children taking part.

The proceeds were used to buy lumber for the construction of a building known as the Wigwam, later as Plank-walk Hall.

In this hall centered all the Patriotic activities of Delavan.

After the war was over the lumber in this hall was used to build a side walk laid from the Post Office down to the Upham Hotel, which stood on the site of the Fair Grounds.

The women did most of the work in sawing and nailing the boards to build this first side walk in Delavan.

Among the many acts of Loyalty which Mrs. Newman rendered was a Temperance meeting arranged for the children of Delavan on Saturday afternoon April 18, 1882.

The spirit of enthusiasm aroused as they sang the temperance songs and the readiness with which they answered the questions on alcohol and its effects; filled the parents hearts with joy, and a hope that this meeting might prove to be a help and blessing to the little ones, and forever remain in their memory.

A song composed by Mrs. E. E. Orendorff, called:—The Boys and Girls Temperance Song was sung, to music composed by Mrs. Newman.

“Our pledge is a promise that we will abstain,  
From drink that will injure the heart and the brain  
And we’ll sing with glad hearts and glad voices the strain  
We’ll ne’er belong to King Alcohol’s train.  
Then bravely step forward and all sign the pledge,  
When temptations assail ’tis a wall and a hedge,  
A promise we’ll try to keep and not break,  
For country and home and dear mother’s sake.”

As a result of this meeting 98 boys and girls signed the pledge which was sealed and put in the bank—there to remain 10 years.

A committee was appointed of the boys and girls whose duty it was to keep acquainted with the location of the signers and at the expiration of the time call a meeting, break the seal and read the names.

March 18, 1892 under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. and the supervision of Mrs. Newman the pledge was opened and most all of the signers responded; and the pledges had been kept.

May we appreciate this, Mrs. Newman’s loyal service to childhood and her country.

In 1892 the G. A. R. and W. R. C. of which Mr. and Mrs. Newman were members, respectively, held their national gathering in the far west.

Mrs. Newman was my travelling companion and was always agreeable and entertaining.

To know her best was to study her sunny nature, overflowing with kindness and good will.

Many tourists accompanied us on our journey and many beautiful and wonderful places were visited.

On certain excursions the trips were made most pleasant and enjoyable by the singing of the songs of "61" and "65."

Mrs. Newman became Leader of the Patriotic choir which was received with enthusiasm every where.

The first place of interest visited was Pike's Peak.

After wandering amidst the wonderful scenery of vast dimensions in height and depth Mrs. Newman looked still higher than the Peak and exclaimed "Great and wonderful are they works Oh! Lord God Almighty."

We visited Great Salt Lake and went bathing in its briny water. Mrs. Newman happened to go a little beyond the safety line and the guard called out "Hang to the rope or you'll sink."

Mrs. Newman turned quietly and said "We are just as near Heaven here as anywhere else."

One morning quite early I missed her; thinking something might have happened, I went in search of her and looking toward the Granite Rocks piled here, there and everywhere, I saw Mrs. Newman sitting on the highest rock to which she could climb, waiting to see the sun rise.

As I sat beside her the same old sun that rises each morning over the Illinois prairies, quietly announced the day.

At the first glimpse of the sun my companion began to sing:

"When o'er earth is waking,  
Rosy bright and fair  
Morn aloud, proclaimeth  
Surely God is there."

We stood under the mist of Yosemite Falls until we were damp with its moisture and Mrs. Newman remarked she had been blessed with the mists of heaven.

In crossing the mountains and places of danger of any kind she had no fear.

At one time when riding over the mountains the driver called our attention to a mirage across the valley on the face of the mountain and said "This phenomenon has never been explained."

We wondered what Mrs. Newman would reply. And she turned and said, "I have at last seen the Shepherds, of the hills and their flocks."

After a few days journey in mountain stages we reached Inspiration Point where we could take our first look into Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Newman caught the first glimpse and standing up on the seat she said: "I thank God and the people of Delavan for making it possible for me to realize the desire of my life, to see the Yosemite Valley."

With other tourists we stood on the shores of Mirror Lake, in close touch of many canons. Our attention was called to the numerous echoes which were found. After a moments silence our choir leader commenced to sing "Nearer My God to Thee" all joining in the sacred song—and back came the heavenly echoes:—"Nearer to Thee."

A minister in the party was called on by Mrs. Newman to offer prayer and such a prayer, one which could not have been inspired elsewhere.

While roaming the forests of the Mariposa Valley we saw trees which towered 300 feet in height, with 25 other tourists we gathered in a hollow log, and gazed heavenward at the queen of the forest. Mrs. Newman remarked "O Woodman how long thou hast spared the ax!"

One night I found Mrs. Newman's pocket book containing her money and ticket and fearing she might lose them again I took them—and said nothing except to Mrs. Carrie Briggs—one of our party. We took the train for Los Angeles and when Mrs. Newman discovered her loss she came straight to me and said: "Sue—have you got my ticket. I said, Mrs. Newman this is one of the times the Lord didn't take care of you" and her reply was "The Lord raised you up to take care of me."

As I gave her the lost article she began to sing.

"Bring the good old bugle Boys we'll sing another song."

A most patriotic, timely and appropriate acknowledgment of her complete trust in God.

SUE A. SANDERS.

#### MRS. NEWMAN'S CLUB WORK.

I do not know that Mrs. Newman ever belonged to a purely social club; but whatever tended to intellectual or moral uplift she heartily supported with time, thought, work and money. Consequently she was a leading member of several organizations.

She was one of the first in Delavan to join the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union." Although school duties prevented her from attending the meetings, she was of great assistance in helping to plan the entertainments, in teaching the children temperance songs and in composing those songs.

She was a leading member of the "Conversational Club," which was composed of a group of ladies who met frequently to discuss scientific or other topics of general interest.

She belonged to the "Shakespeare Club" from its beginning until her death. She delighted in the beautiful passages of the great poet and could repeat many of them.

It was in the Beta Circle that her wonderful versatility found an opportunity for free action. This was a branch of the Chautauqua movement devoted to a four year course of study in science, literature and history as planned by Bishop Vincent and his associates. The Beta Circle was organized in Delavan in 1886 and barely existed a year or so when Mrs. Newman became its president. Then all was changed for she brought into it some of her abundant life. Under her direction it filled a need, and during the nine years of its existence many of the prominent women of Delavan and vicinity were enrolled in its membership took the course of study and became Chautauqua graduates.

The Circle held all day meetings once a month at the homes of its members. At first the hostess provided the noon-day meal but during most of the time it was a picnic dinner—a veritable feast of reason and flow of soul," always presided over by Mrs. Newman.

Do not suppose these meetings dull and heavy even if the studies were scientific, as geology, zoology, botany or political economy; together with the history and literature of Greece and Rome, both mediaeval and modern, they were not heavy because Mrs. Newman prepared the programs, and had the happy faculty of judiciously mingling with the heavier studies anagrams, rebuses, charades and contests, illustrative of these studies, with athletics, bible cards and whatever else her fertile mind suggested. There was nothing dull or prosy about Mrs. Newman.

The scientific studies were her delight, especially geology. In it she traced the long, loving preparation of the Father for his coming myriads of children. She purchased many and sometimes costly geological specimens to be shown in the circle.

In astronomy she was impressed with the infinity of God. In history she traced the evolutions of man to higher standards.

I wish that my description might give you all the glow of pleasure that the members experienced when they gathered together, knowing that the day would hold so much for them. It was never too hot, too cold or too stormy for those meetings. There were no vacations for no one wanted one. Mrs. Newman never missed a meeting. She said that she loved her children, and next to them the Beta Circle. Every member felt and knew that she had the personal love of Mrs. Newman.

While all the meetings were enjoyable, those at Mrs. Newman's were "red letter days." She was a model hostess. Have any of the members forgotten the Celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrims; or that Bible meeting when all the Sunday School teachers were invited guests? Can any of them pass that old, spreading home without memories?

Times change. At last nearly all of the members had completed the course of study and desired something different. The Beta Circle became the Woman's Club with Mrs. Newman its first president, and afterwards its honorary president. If the change gave her pain, as it must, she gave no sign; but performed every task assigned her cheerfully and well.



I will confide to you what she once confided to me. Pleasant meetings and storing the mind with thoughts worth while were not the only aims she had for the Beta Circle. She hoped that by bringing the women together in this pleasant way from the different churches, different parts of town, different cliques, the town women and the country women, that they would become better acquainted and create a stronger community spirit.

We do not know the amount of influence felt today from Mrs. Newman's work in these different clubs to which she belonged. But we do know that it is all for good.

LOUISE B. ALLEN.

"Kind words are little sunbeams,  
That sparkle as they fall,  
And loving smiles are sunbeams  
A light of joy to all.  
In sorrow's eye, they dry the tear,  
And bring the fainting heart good cheer."

These words were written in an old fashioned autograph album by Mrs. Newman for a little girl starting to school. Could a better verse be given one by which to live?

Mrs. Newman began her active public religious life by uniting with the Westboro Congregational church when she was sixteen years old.

A younger brother tells of her help in learning the Assembly's Shorter Catechism which he could not memorize alone. When she found him crying over it, the sister said, "learn it with me," and soon tears were forgotten and he knew "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." The trend of her life was to honor her Savior, the same brother writes.

After her marriage to Mr. Newman they went to Minnesota to live at Shak'apee and here she helped to found a Presbyterian church.

In 1862 she united with the Presbyterian church in Delavan. The Sabbath school had the privilege of having her as Superintendent for twenty-four years. For the same number of years, she taught a class in the Sabbath school.

Is there one who passed through the first grade in the Delavan Public school during the many years Mrs. Newman taught it who does not remember the morning devotional exercises? Then we learned such well loved passages as the twenty-third Psalm, the first and twenty-fourth Psalms, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians and the Beatitudes. We bowed our heads and repeated the Lord's prayer.

The day started differently when school children had the privilege of the few sober moments of devotion to God and there is never a time that these precious verses are heard or repeated that we do not recall the smiling, happy face of her who taught them.

That happy Christian influence that was felt by so many children can never be measured. It was so far reaching, extending to so many homes and into the building of new homes as the years went by. Added to this influence who but remembers each Wednesday evening seeing or meeting Mrs. Newman's familiar figure going to Prayer Meeting. There she played the hymns, offered her prayer and took any other part she was called upon to take. Always ready and willing to fill any vacancy in any department of church life.

Early Sabbath morning her work began. The singing and scripture lesson in the Sabbath School always had a ring of happiness and earnestness as the children naturally followed the same feeling as evidenced by Mrs. Newman.

Special days in Sabbath School were always observed in a special manner, all the preparation and the material furnished by this untiring, zealous leader.

Printed programs were not so easily procured but we had the programs of Mrs. Newman. I often feel that these might have been kept so this generation might know what beautiful thoughts and fine precepts were given us to learn.

Who can forget the class if they were in it and had Mrs. Newman for a teacher? Her Bible was ever present with her and as much a part of her as anything she possessed, and when she came before her class she had it, and the truths of the Bible were presented with the vim of eternal youth and carried the conviction to each one that these same truths had

been taken into her life and become a part of her through her close walk with her Savior, whom she so faithfully and constantly upheld to every one with whom she came in contact.

Was there ever a game of authors played with as much real pleasure as was experienced by those who have had Mrs. Newman's Bible Cards of the Old and New Testament made and printed by her?

They bring to mind all the familiar Bible heroes and events which stand out. Also the beautiful life of Christ, the acts of His followers, the Missionary Journeys and many beautiful things one forgets in the rush of things.

Where could she find the hours to devote to all these various activities? One is tempted to think God made more time for her, but not so, she used every minute to His glory in all things she did, small or great. Words seem futile when one tries to bring this full, lovely Christian life before her friends for each of us has a garden of beautiful flowers which were planted by this kind friend.

Her influence is surely felt in a marked degree by new comers to Delavan as they often speak of Mrs. Newman whom they seem to know as a living influence as felt by them in their contact with us who were her friends.

It seems to me we are granted a great privilege to have a small part in this memorial to Mrs. Newman. It isn't what we say so much as what we feel and live that is our real living memorial to her.

If one tries even in a small measure to live up to and to put into practice the truths she lived and taught, this memorial will live on in the minds and hearts of all of us and into the future life of Delavan.

When our Praise Meeting was held in January 1908, Mrs. Newman had a part as always and I will read what she gave of her own that day.

EDNA H. CRABB.

The late Mrs. Newman was the author of the following, read by her at the last annual prayer and praise meeting of the Presbyterian Missionary Society, in January. It is here-

with printed in full, in response to a request by a member of the society.

We are known as the Presbyterian Missionary Society,  
 And we think with great propriety  
 That we must have a Praise Meeting each year,  
 And the exercises, to our hearts, are dear.  
 O, Time, Time, how fleeting, fleeting,  
 Since our 1907 Praise Meeting!  
 Now again in 1908, the same old story,  
 We'll all give God the glory.  
 Let our heartfelt praises rise  
 Like sacred incense to the skies.  
 Praise should dwell on every tongue,  
 Loving praise in every song;  
 Praise to God, our Father above,  
 Who looks down in infinite love;  
 The touch of love here, the touch of love there—  
 Let us praise God everywhere  
 Praise God the Father, God and Son,  
 God the Spirit, three in One;  
 Then strive daily that his will be done.  
 "Glorious are all his works and ways."  
 Why should we have a Missionary  
 Society? For the reason, "Union is strength."  
 We know that no Christian woman doth live  
 But to the dear Lord's cause some good can give,  
 Some are called to leave their homes so dear,  
 That they the heathen's heart may cheer.  
 Christ died for all, both great and small,  
 And before he ascended to heaven above.  
 He said in strongest words of love,  
 "Go ye into all the world"  
 With the gospel flag unfurled,  
 Study the women and children of all climes,  
 Send your dollars, send your dimes,  
 Send them on for Missionary work;  
 Don't let one of us dare to shirk.  
 But do God's will, and do it in love;  
 Help people to learn of God above.  
 "He sees with equal eye, as God of all"

The poor heathen babes and the mothers tall.  
 Love for souls creates a noble flame—  
 It's next to angels' love, if not the same.  
 "Giving empties the hand, but fills the heart;"  
 We surely want to do our part.  
 God's truth is precious and divine;  
 Shall not we send it to every clime?  
 That all may know the way of the best,  
 And darkened hearts learn on whom to rest  
 Give to the world God's truth;  
 Give it to father, mother, youth.  
 O, Light of God's love, the purity of grace,  
 Who would not bless all the human race?  
 Try to help others to make Jesus their choice  
 And listen, and love his heavenly voice,  
 Then shall we reach his court above.  
 "Our present life is scarce the twinkle of a star,"  
 But God will help us, He is not far.  
 The Savior will bless, in God's eternal day;  
 He is our present help; shall we not all work and pray?  
 That souls may be won  
 And his kingdom come?  
 Then we'll praise, praise, praise,  
 Forever, Amen and Amen.

After the last number of the literary program, Mr. Leo Stumbaugh, leader of the Presbyterian choir, sang with telling effect, "The City Four Square."

The original manuscripts of the foregoing addresses will be preserved in the archives of the Tazewell County Historical Society, where they can be inspected at any time by any of the friends of Mrs. Newman who care to do so.

The occasion is one long to be remembered by the friends, neighbors, and former pupils of Mrs. Abbie A. F. Newman.